

Speaking of Abraham Lincoln

DENNIS HANKS said: "When God made honest Abe Lincoln, he left the meanness out of other folks to divide it up amongst 'em."

A VERY famous writer said: "The work Abraham Lincoln was called upon to do took on a threefold expression. He had to find the right way out; he had to convince the people that the way he found was the right way; and he had to inspire the men to help him along the way. To accomplish the first was to be a statesman of the rarest insight into national affairs; to achieve the second was to be an orator of the highest order; and to succeed in the third was to be a born leader and a master of men."

GENERAL GRANT said: "A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the great struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations. His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood."

From a writer of note came this: "Lincoln knew men so truly that, when we remember his power as President, it is to his high praise that he used his knowledge to their doing, and not to their undoing. He inspired them to noble deeds and upheld them in exalted purposes."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE said: "Studying his grammar by the firelight of a log cabin when a boy, he addressed the Senate and people from the Capitol of a great nation." Again the great writer says: "Lincoln's determined hunt for a grammar and his impassioned study of it before a fire of stumps at night after a long day's work is at once one of the most pathetic and most inspiring things in the history of his life."

It was **Rutherford B. Hayes** who said: "Now all men begin to see that the plain people, who at last came to love him and to lean upon his wisdom and to trust him absolutely, were altogether right, and that in deed and purpose he was earnestly devoted to the whole country and all of its inhabitants."

From **George Bancroft** we take this: "The grave that receives Lincoln receives a costly sacrifice to the Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his enduring memory will assist countless ages to kind the States together and to invite to the love of our one undivided, indivisible country."

OSBORN H. OLNEY writes: "Possessing the simplicity of a child and the tenderness of a woman, he combined in his nature all the sterner qualities of the perfect man. He was a close observer of men, measures, and events, and to a discriminating mind, which led to a correct judgment, was added a consciousness of right, and a moral courage to perform it, which enabled him to execute his honest convictions. Some men at his very side chided him for slowness, but this apparently did not quicken his action, while others, equally near him in influence, rebuked him for haste, but this availed nothing toward checking his onward progress."

On Lincoln's death, **Henry Ward Beecher** said: "O, Illinois, we took him from your midst, an untired man from among the people. Behold, we return him a mighty conqueror. Not thine, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's! Give him place, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism."

It was **Morgan Dix** who said: "His name will ever be in the hearts of the American people, as green, as fresh, and as pleasant as is to the eyes the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

SAID JAMES G. BLAINE: "He did not seek to say merely the thing that was for the day's debate, but the thing which would stand the test of time and square itself with eternal justice."

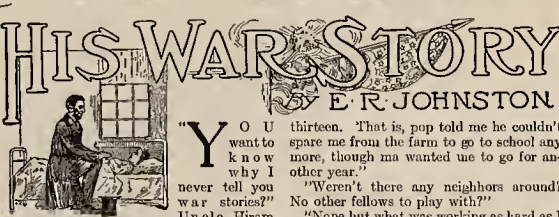
Most beautiful of all is the testimony given by **Osborn Oldroyd**, the man who once lived in the old Lincoln home, and who has given fifty years to collecting rare relics of the man whose memory he honors above all others: "The chief attribute of Lincoln's greatness was, perhaps, the readiness with which he grasped the right, coupled with his heroic sturdiness to go forward in the pathway of duty. When once fixed in his mind

what that duty was, no power on earth could make him deviate one jot or tittle from his line of policy; yet he was too honest to have an atom of self-esteem or to think that he was infallible. Upon any question he was ever open to conviction by argument, and, if the views presented by others were obviously better than his own, he was quick to acknowledge the fact and equally quick to commend."

"He was richly blessed with a spirit of forgiveness, rarely seen except in the lives of those who wholly bury self and accept as their guide the gentle and loving Saviour, who cried out in his agony on the cross, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Weighed as he was with

the momentous questions, labors, and complications which constantly beset him, he never permitted himself to become so weary in well-doing that he failed in any instance to extend sympathy and mercy to those who called upon him in their distress. He ardently loved his whole country; hating no one, yearning to see the restoration of the Union, and fervently prayed that the former good will might return to bless the land."

J. G. HOLLAND strikes the keynote of Abraham Lincoln's life when he says: "The unwavering faith in a Divine Providence began at his mother's knee, and ran like a thread of gold through all the inner experiences of his life."



asked, looking at me severely. He had just finished showing me how to build a fire in true woodsman's style, and I was adding kindling a little at a time—as he had taught me. "You wonder how it happens that I was in the war and don't have any experiences to tell you? All kinds of backwoods yarns and hunting stories, but nary a word about fighting in the big war? I don't play much part in the G. A. R., either, though I like well enough to see the other old fellows march in the Decoration Day parade. Well, boy, to tell the truth, it ain't a part of my life that I'm much pleased to look back upon. Let's see, how old are you?"

"Fourteen," I said, and put a few more sticks on the blaze that was crackling merrily. "I'll be fifteen next spring."

Uncle Hiram was filling his pipe, which was a good sign that he was going to tell me something. In spite of what he had just said, I felt that he had had some unusual experiences in the war. All the old soldiers in town had war stories to tell, but Uncle Hiram never spoke to me of the great Civil War. If he could help it, he'd be sure he was younger than most of the men in town who had been soldiers, but I knew that he had fought for a while at least.

"Fourteen," he said, then he sat puffing hard for so long that I thought he had forgotten me. I put more wood on the fire to let him know that I was there.

"Fourteen," he said again as if to himself. "I didn't just remember that you were that old. You ain't as big as I was at your age—although that ain't your fault," he said, not to hurt my feelings.

"I was just fourteen when I had my experience at the war, and I reckon I'd better tell it to you now. It ain't a story about any bravery on my part, mind you—though I wasn't scared much, either. But the only good thing I did was to quit fighting and go home."

"I thought as well tell you the whole story. I've been waiting on telling you, but you've grown up before I could stop you. Next year you may be scoutin' with the other boys. You'll know more about woodcraft than your uncle can teach you, and I won't see much of you."

Uncle Hiram had a way of laughing at the way we boys did things.

"I was just thirteen when the war broke out—"

"Ready for high school," I said.

"High school!" Uncle Hiram threw back his head and hunched till I knew I had made some mistake. "High school! That's good! I wish you could have seen the high school we lived on a little clearing in Indiana where stones were the only crop that was sure to come to the surface every year. Why my pop ever stopped there on his way West I couldn't find out, for there were plenty of good farms in the next county. Ours was about the worst clearing in the State, I reckon."

"How we did have to work to get the corn to grow! We'd get up at daylight and work all day, plowing or picking stones, or hoeing in the summer, and chopping wood and building fences or tending to the little stock we had during the fall and winter. Pop would bring down a deer now and then, and I shot a few coons myself to have ma make me a coonkin for Easter—or Thanksgiving. I guess it must have been. We went to school for a couple of months in winter, maybe, but we couldn't spend more time than that on book learnin', and I was what you might call graduated by the time I was

thirteen. That is, pop told me he couldn't spare me from the farm to go to school any more, though ma wanted me to go for another year."

" weren't there any neighbors around? No other fellows to play with?"

"None but what was working as hard as I did. Boys that are hoeing all day don't want to play football at night," Uncle Hiram said, chuckling.

"There was Jim, the next boy to me, who was nine, and quite a help around the place for all he was a little fellow, and two or three girls in between and some following after. When the war broke out, pop went, and ma worked harder than ever, and had ague, and Jim and I carried on the work the best way we could. I learned to shoot something more than coons, and used to go in town to sell the skins."

"All this year when pop was away I was growing like a weed, and just after I was fourteen, I went to town one day—a great tall, gangly boy that looked nearer twenty than fourteen. Hard work makes you look old," Uncle Hiram added, looking at me, for he knew that I didn't care for work very much.

"It was while I was in town that day that I enlisted. The recruiting officer saw me walking along the street in my homespun breeches that were too short for my long legs, and the coonkin cap that gave me the kind of a fierce look—I suppose recruiting was slow that day, for he calls out, 'Hey, man, what are you loafing around here for instead of joining the army?'"

"It was the first time anyone had called me a man, and I was pretty fired of farm life, and wanted to see something of the fighting so I enlisted. You see there wasn't anything brave about that—I was just running from one kind of trouble that I knew to something else that seemed like a game. I only saw my ma for a few minutes before our company was sent to the State camp, and she was having one of her chills and couldn't say much. And I went into camp, and then into a battle, and the very first time that I tried to fight I got the wound that sent me to the hospital in Washington. So you see I scarcely had a taste of what the real thing was like."

"I shouldn't wonder if that hospital would look pretty hard to you, but it was so much better than anything I'd ever known that I could scarcely go to sleep for wondering about having sheets on the bed instead of blankets. I wasn't hurt very badly, just a nasty bullet hole in the shoulder. It shouldn't have taken more than a few weeks to heal, and the doctors thought I'd be up in no time and back with the company again."

"I was a bashful kind of a boy—hadn't seen many people before I went into the army—and I couldn't get used to the low soft voices of the nurses and the different doctors. They were so different from the people that I'd seen before that I scarcely had any words with any of them. I just lay there and brooded. For I'd had some bad news the very day I was hurt. One of the boys that came from the same county came back from a furlough and told me that pop had been killed at Chancellorsville. Ma and Jim were having a harder time than ever, trying to get a living out of the farm."

"I couldn't rest day or night thinking about ma there at home. Mind you, I hardly knew what the war was about. We didn't have the histories to tell us who was right and who was wrong. And I hadn't ever seen a slave and none of the Negroes that I knew needed freeing half as much as my poor ma, who was a slave to all the work for the family. Here I was enlisted for three years, although I wasn't near old enough to have enlisted. There was no way to help ma and Jim, and the poor kids might be starving for all I knew. I didn't feel afraid

of the fighting, mind you, and I liked being in camp with the men, for the life wasn't half as hard as working on the farm, and we were pretty sure to have something to eat, and fun while we were having it."

"At any rate, there I was in the hospital, and wouldn't talk to any of the nurses, and couldn't sleep night or day. The wound in my shoulder was getting no better in spite of the good care I had. 'A stubborn, mean young fellow,' I heard one of the doctors say to my nurse, and I guess he was about right."

"Things kept on so for about a month, and I lay like a person half asleep, scarcely noticing the different doctors and nurses and the other sick men. But there came a day when there was a great bustle and everything was made even more spick and span than usual. I heard some talk about a visitor, but I was too sick to care who was coming."

"I was layin', I remember, with my face to the wall when the door opened, and every now and then I heard a high shrill voice that was asking questions of some one in the ward. The visitor went to one cot after another, and talked to the men. I hoped he wouldn't stop at my bed, but in a few moments I knew that he was there beside me. The nurse spoke to me and I turned over, but I was pretty mad, because I thought he was another doctor, and I knew that he couldn't help my case with medicine."

"The visitor had motioned to the nurse to go away—she whispered to him something about me—and he sat on a camp stool beside the cot. I can see him now. He was a big man, I knew, for he looked uncomfortable on that camp stool, with his knees drawn up nearly to his chin. He put his high hat on the floor beside him, and leaned over toward me. He had straight black hair, and a strongly chin beard, and his face was wrinkled and drawn. He looked mighty sad until he smiled, and then—"

"O, was it Lincoln?" I broke in.

"You've guessed it sooner than I did, son. But you've seen lots of pictures of him, and have heard more about him than I had, for all I was living at the time he was saving the country. No, I didn't know who he was, but I did know that here was a doctor that I liked. Before I knew it I was telling him all about ma and the farm and the kids and that pop had been killed and that I wanted to be home hoeing corn and keeping the family from starving. I was telling him everything more freely than I could have told my own kin. That big bony hand was patting the coverlet and he was smiling in a queer kind of a way as if he was mighty sad, too, and would rather cry."

"We'll send you home to take care of your ma," he says. "I didn't have much chance to help my own mother—she died before I was old enough. We'll see that you go home as soon as you're able."

"But I enlisted for three years," I said, "and I don't want to hack out now. You see, doc, it ain't that I'm afraid to fight—"

"I know," he says, "you're thinking all the time about the folks and how they're getting on. You're much too young to be in the army, any way. Only fifteen now, you say? I don't know what that recruiting officer was thinking of to take you into the company. I'll see that you're honorably discharged."

"He took my name and address and company, and as he left he said, 'Tell your ma that you're to take care of the family by order of A. Lincoln.'"

"That was the first time it occurred to me that I had been talking to the President, and he was out of the door before I could thank him. My discharge came in a few days—I have it yet, and I'll show it to you when you stop in at my cabin some time."

Uncle Hiram's pipe had gone out, and after he had lit it, he was silent for a long time.

"What about your family—were they all right when you got home?" I asked.

"They were still there on the clearing, and the neighbors had helped them out all they could. Little Jim had done his best, but it was a mighty good thing I got home to help when I did. Ma was just dragging around, but when she saw me back there to help her out, and got that message, she took heart again, and we managed to pull the whole family through those hard years. So now you know why I don't talk about the war. My part in it would have been pretty hard for all of us if A. Lincoln hadn't interfered."

A ONCE more is raised against farmers leasing hillbilly rights on their property, thus disfiguring the country. A farm journal says: "The farmer who lets his barns be used as a signboard for bills, in consideration of having bad paint put on it, advertises himself as thrifless."



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Editorial

"FALSE in one, false in all," is an old Latin phrase.

It is not always true, but there is truth in it. "Good in one thing, good in all," by no means describes everybody, and yet there is truth in this saying, too.

What is true in it?
Just this. There is such a thing as principle. By principle we mean a rule of right-doing that underlies all our methods and acts. So it happens that he who does one good thing because it is right is likely to do right in everything.

Conversely, he who does wrong recklessly or intentionally shows everybody that he is devoid of right principle, and so he is liable to do wrong again, and, in fact, whenever he feels like it.

"CONSISTENCY is a jewel," we often hear. It is a jewel, and more. Consistency is moral health. It is the normal outworking of a right principle. Virtues tend to flock together like pigeons, and so do the vices, like blackbirds. Whenever you find a boy guilty of a mean trick you are not surprised if you hear him swear or tell a lie. On the other hand, we are greatly surprised when a boy who is brave and generous does a mean thing.

The fact that we are surprised shows that these things do not belong together, and we naturally expect the things that belong together to go together in conduct.

AMONG the most intimately related things are morals and religion. Where we find religion we instinctively look for morals. And if we do not find good morals we turn back and decide that we were mistaken about the religion.

Of course, there are grades of religion, and that of the ignorant is sometimes so attenuated that it is hard to recognize it at all. There are certain forms and rites that pass for religion for some people. But true religion is not in these.

MCKENZIE WALLACE tells of a robber who killed and plundered a traveler in Russia. The poor fellow was driving a cart. The robber found a piece of cooked meat in this cart and he was hungry. But it happened to be a fast day, and he was too religious to eat the meat which was forbidden by the church on that day.

There is a similar story of a peasant who started out upon an ugly errand, but first he entered a church and commended his undertaking to the protection of the saints. Thence he repaired to the house of a young attaché of the Austrian embassy in Petrograd, and robbed him, and finally killed him.

A third incident is almost funny. A burglar got into a church and got hold of an ikon which had certain jewels set in it. The image he cared nothing about, but he was anxious to get the precious stones. They were so hard to extract that he was compelled to make a vow to a certain saint if he would assist him to do this he would burn a ruler's worth of tapers before the saint's image.

These instances of inconsistency are enough to show that consistency is something more than a sentiment. It is beautiful enough, esthetically, but its foundations are in ethics.

To be right, our religion and our morals must correspond. So must our talk and our conduct. So must each act of our lives with every other act.

THE LONG TRAIL

BY HARRIET M. HOBSON

ON Labor Day, last year, President Wilson, for the United States Government, accepted a tiny log cabin. It possessed one room, a tipsy chimney, and a door and window that seemed determined to tumble down the very first opportunity that came their way. Ugly, dilapidated, poor, and primitive, the little cabin seemed and was, yet to-day it is preserved at the Lincoln Farm and Memorial Hall at Hodgenville, Kentucky, as its most priceless possession.

In that old log cabin was Abraham, son of Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, born, on February 12, 1809. Under its roof were passed the infancy and childhood of the man whom President Wilson called in his speech accepting Lincoln's birthplace "The embodiment of democracy." And from that tipsy doorway in the Kentucky wilderness did a President of the United States take up his life trail. Mr. Oldroyd, of Washington, who knows the life of Abraham Lincoln as no other living man knows it, says: "Out of that old cabin came the mighty man of destiny, the marvelous man of the nineteenth century. The world has no parallel for that transition from the log cabin to the White House."

The trail that Lincoln followed was a long trail, a steep one, and a high; it led him in early youth to the plowhandle and the rail pile, then later on to the heavy guiding oar of a log raft. It passed through two log-cabin homes that his sturdy hands helped to build; then to the legislative halls of his State and later on to those of the Nation, and at last to the White House as the head of the United States. A brief while the trail lingered in the Executive Mansion, then on it went again, through a martyr's grave this time, upward to the Great Beyond, where all veils were removed from his sad, mystic eyes, and the many tragic "whys" of his birth, his privations, his struggles, his defeats, and his victories were all made plain to him.

The long trails and the high ones are always hard to tread. Only souls of granite purpose, steel fiber, lofty vision, and soaring faith can walk successfully therein. All of these things did Abraham Lincoln possess to an unusual degree, and that is why he became a burden carrier when he was a child, and a trail blazer when he reached manhood. He was a master builder in later life, because when he had been a mere boy he had triumphed over every obstacle that blocked his upward way. We possess the strength that grows out of each hard condition conquered, as well as the added power that comes from the knowledge gained through experience.

The boy who stores his mind with facts gleaned from a book by the light of a pine knot after a hard day's work of splitting is the one who will hammer circumstances into rounds for his life's ladder with those same facts when the time comes.

Only a few hours came his way. With one exception each of the volumes repre-

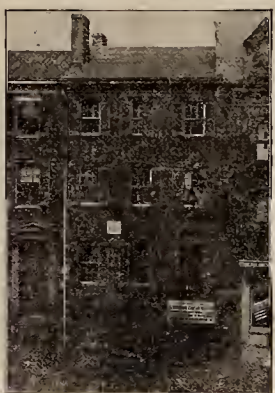


Cabin which Lincoln built, Farmington, Illinois.

sented hard work—one, two, or three cords of wood sawed, usually, and saved most gladly if the longed-for book was to be his in the end. Lincoln's library consisted of his mother's Bible, a copy of Pilgrim's Progress, a history of the United States, and a grammar. Compared with the liberally supplied home and public libraries that boys of today have access to, the supply seems meager indeed. But from the standpoint of what Abraham Lincoln did with what he got out of those four books, they seem a mighty supply.

They were big books, and with the plowing, rail splitting, and rafting they played their part, like the first mallets a sculptor uses on the block of rough marble, in hewing out a man, a big-souled, big-hearted, big-brained man, whose spirit was so firmly fixed upon its high destiny that poverty did not dwarf it, failure did not discourage it, fame did not elate it, hatred failed to embitter it, and victory brought out in the humility of a little child. It has most truly been written of him: "Every seeming de-

feat was a slow success. His was the growth of the oak, and not of Jonah's gourd. Every scaffolding of temporary elevation, every ladder of transient expectation which broke under his feet, accumulated his strength and piled up a solid mound which raised him to wider usefulness and clearer vision. He could not become a master workman until he had served a tedious apprenticeship."



House where Lincoln died.

The whole world knows of Lincoln's long struggles as a young lawyer, and of how success at last came to him. To the Illinois Legislature first, then to Congress where he at once made himself felt as a statesman who had both the physical and the moral courage always to back up what he believed by action even when the action was certain to bring down disaster upon his own head.

After Congress came the call to the Presidency of the United States, and he was elected to that high office in 1860. The day he left his home in Springfield, he said at the station to those who had gathered to see him off, "I hope that you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive the Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

The tiny log cabin shown in the illustration was built in 1831 by Abraham Lincoln and his father near Farmington, Illinois. The father died there in 1851 and the stepmother in 1859. Just before he started to Washington for his first inauguration, Lincoln went to this little home to see Mrs. Lincoln. They had always loved each other like mother and son, and as he left she put her arms around him and wept bitterly. "I'll never see you again," she said, when he tried to cheer her. "You are not merely going to the White House. You are also going to your grave."

Civil War is the greatest tragedy that can come to any nation. During those four years Abraham Lincoln, the "War President," bore a burden that lined his face and bent even his stalwart back. The weak man, or the man of little aims, would have fallen. The "Trail Splitter" hewed his tough logs of national questions as steadily in the White House as he had chopped wood in the wilderness where his life trail began. "You'd 'a' thought there was two men in the woods when Abe Lincoln got 'em with a ax," Denny Hanks once said of his cousin. And there were times during the war when Lincoln had to show the mental and the moral strength of ten times two men.

To the State Legislature in 1834; in 1842 married to Mary Todd; five years later sent to Congress; 1860 elected President of the United States; in 1864 again chosen to the highest office in the land; on May 14, 1865, shot down in his prime, to die the next morning at seven-thirty.

It was not a long life as years go, but counted by the things met and conquered, it might have been a century in the living. Of him it has been written: "His faith, patience, and wisdom brought the nation to peace. He lived unselfishly, kindly, and truly, and died for the cause of humanity, and he still lives, first and best loved in the hearts of all Americans."

To an unusual degree did he possess the power to win and to manage men. When Seward entered Lincoln's Cabinet he heartily disliked him and regarded him as a weak, untrained rail splitter from the wilderness. Yet so well did Lincoln manage this brilliant man that Seward said of him later, "A character made and molded by Divine Power to save a nation!"

Lincoln's Secretary of War, Stanton, was another man who began by disliking his chief and ended by loving and admiring him beyond all other men. "The most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen," the peppery little war Secretary cried only a few weeks before Lincoln's death.

Lincoln came very close to his generals during the war, and it is interesting to know what Grant thought of him: "He was uncontestedly the greatest man I ever knew."

Sherman added this testimony: "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other."

Dr. Thomas Calver wrote:

"Immortal Lincoln! For his strength above
The nation's needs, be his the nation's praise;

But yet, it is his weaker side we love,
His sweet humanity and simple ways;
A nation saved, and calmed a nation's fears.

In his great heart and tender eyes we find
The charm that yet brings forth a nation's tears!"

Hans Klatt—Worker in Ivory

BY MARY E. CLEAVE

WE found him at the door of his little shop, far up among the Harz Mountains. The sign, carved in wood, told us that he was Hans Klatt, a worker in ivory. He was an unexpected discovery, made at the close of a long day's journey on foot. We had stopped in his village at sundown, seeking shelter for the night, and it was he who directed us to the quaint little inn just beyond the quaint little church.

"You'll find a shelter there," he said simply.

And we left him in his vine-framed doorway, watching the sun set behind the fire-colored hills.

The next morning we went back to tell him that we had found his promise true. He was working at his bench under the trees by his door. He did not look up until we stood before him. Then he smiled.

"We came back," we said, strangely unable to say more.

"Folks often do," he answered.

Then he felt to work again, after bringing us wooden stools from the shop, and we watched him, fascinated. With the utmost care he was carving flowers from ivory. It seemed incredible that one could use such tiny tools, especially so old a man as he; but he was master of them. With infinite patience he sawed and chiseled and filed away, shaping the tiny petals of an edelweiss blossom and the clustered stamens which formed the center. It seemed an endless task, yet in the shop window were scores of blossoms—violets and mountain daisies, roses and edelweiss.

When would the edelweiss which he held in his hand be completed? We asked him.

Again he smiled—that rare smile which transfigured his wrinkled old face.

"Two days, perhaps," he said, in his slow German, "or three, who knows? Years have I spent at this work. I have made all the flowers of this valley and these mountains in ivory. Each one I try to make perfect, but always there is something imperfect. You cannot see it? That is what many visitors to my shop say, and yet in my heart I know the places of the little flaws. But it is something, is it not, to spend one's life trying to make one perfect thing, even though it is only an edelweiss? The great God has spent millions of years in perfecting his creation, and shall I begrudge three days on my edelweiss?"

We were silent an hour later as we left him on his bench and started upon another day's journey through the hills. Often I looked at the carved petals and yellow center of the tiny ivory daisy upon my coat. I had bought it of Hans Klatt for a mark—twenty-five cents in our money.

"Two days, perhaps," I heard him say, "or three, who knows? It is something, is it not, to spend one's life trying to make one perfect thing?"—Wellspring.

THERE are those in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—F. W. Faber.

To work on, serve on, love on, unnoticed and unpraised, is perhaps the finest heroism earth can show.—G. H. Morrison.